

RECAPITULATION OF REMINISCENCES

Stories Eminently Worth Telling of Experiences and Adventures
in the Great National Struggle.

THE 12TH IND.

One Year of Campaigning in the Shenandoah and Around Washington.

Editor National Tribune: I have not seen any history of the 12th Ind. in your valuable paper, and would like to give a short sketch of the regiment and of Co. F, my company. Co. F was raised in Fort Wayne and the country around, I enlisted April 27, 1861, for three



"THE LADIES WOULD WALK IN THE STREET RATHER THAN WALK UNDER THE FLAG."

months, and when we reported at Indianapolis they did not want three months men; they wanted them for three years, or during the war. The regiment took a vote to go for three years, and it was voted down. We were then given the chance to enlist for one year, which we did, and the regiment was ordered to Evansville to guard the Ohio River. Our company was stationed at Newburg, and we had nice quarters in a college building, and a good time, but we had a sad accident. We had just received news of the first battle of Bull Run, and two guards were talking about it, and one of them said he wished he had been in the battle. The other guard cocked his gun, and, seeing no cap on, pointed it at the other's head and pulled the trigger. The gun went off, shooting him through the head, killing him instantly. The one that shot the man was a rebel, and "did not know the gun was loaded." As he pointed the gun at his comrade he said: "If a rebel should point his gun at you you would run like a deer." He saw the tent and saw the whole thing. As I was the fier of our company and had to play the Dead March at the funeral, I selected an old hymn, and it was a sad time, as we lay our comrade away. In a short time we received orders to report to Washington, D. C., but when we arrived at Harrisburg the order was countermanded and we were ordered instead to Harper's Ferry. We were stationed in Pleasant Valley for a while, near Maryland Heights, and we had a nice time. We were stationed at Antietam all the following winter, guarding the Potomac River. We had nice quarters at Antietam. While stationed at Antietam we had another sad accident. Comrade Newman, a Virginian, was on guard between Antietam and Harper's Ferry, on the banks of the canal and Potomac River. A canal boat came along loaded with shells. Comrade Bingham got one of the shells, and thought he would have some fun, so he made a fuse and set it on fire and hid behind a tree, waiting for it to explode. After waiting some time he thought it had gone out, and so went to look, and as he was near the shell it exploded and killed him instantly. He was one of the finest boys in the company.

In March, 1862, we went to Winchester, where we had our headquarters on one of the main streets, and hung our flag over the sidewalk. The ladies of Winchester would not walk under our flag. They lifted their dresses and went out into the street in the mud shoes, deep rather than walk under the flag. We were stationed at Winchester seven days, and were then ordered to Manassas Junction. We had to put down a pontoon bridge across the Shenandoah River. The first night we camped on the Blue Ridge, and the next day we got to a place called Aldie, and were putting up our tents and getting supper when we got orders to return to Winchester, where there was fighting going on. We packed up and marched all night to the place we had left the morning before, put down the pontoon bridge again, and started for Winchester, and when within a few miles of that place word came that the fight was over, and we were ordered back to Manassas Junction.

We thought we would take Richmond before our time was out, but we gave it up, and about the 1st of May, 1862, we were ordered to Washington for discharge. We were reviewed by the President at the White House. President Lincoln came out on the steps and gave us some good advice, thanked us for what we had done, and said he wished all that could would enlist again. I will never forget his words. He had just turned from the front. He looked like a farmer, but he did not talk like one.—A. H. McCurdy, Co. F, 12th Ind., Fort Wayne, Ind.

GEN. HOOD CORRECTED.

He Never Destroyed the Bridge Over the River.

Editor National Tribune: I am following with great interest your history now running in The National Tribune. Usually histories are rather dull reading, but, somehow, you have the faculty of making your histories interesting. I am also deeply interested in Hood's "Advance and Retreat," the more so, because I was over the scene

of much of his campaigning in the West. It is almost amusing to read in the last two or three numbers of The National Tribune of how near he came (around Atlanta) with 50,000 men, to putting to rout Sherman's 80,000 seasoned veterans. The trouble with Hood is that he was trained in Virginia, where our Generals were so much outclassed by the Confederate leaders. Had our armies there at the beginning been led by Generals of the Grant, Sherman and Thomas type the record would have been far different, and Lee, Longstreet and Stonewall Jackson would have cut but little figure as military geniuses. In your issue of May 24 Hood makes a very erroneous statement. In speaking of sending his cavalry to cut Sherman's communications and cracker line in August, 1864, he says Wheeler destroyed the railroad bridge over the Etowah River. Now, if this were true I think the 48th and 50th Ind. and the Big and Vista Battery (6th Wis.), which were stationed there, guarding that river and the wagon bridge over it from July 12 to Nov. 15, 1864, would have found it out. This statement of Hood's will not doubt be surprising news to the survivors of those organizations and to many others who rode over that same railroad bridge as late as November, when Sherman started on the march to the sea, and we of the battery went to the aid of "Pap" Thomas at Nashville. The nearest Hood ever came to getting that bridge was when (Oct. 9) he sent Gen. French with one of his largest infantry divisions to capture Allatoona, five miles by railroad from us. Had Allatoona fallen at that time, the bridge and that of these bridges would not be hard to guess, unless we had been quickly reinforced. The story of the reinforcement and salvation of Allatoona is familiar to all students of the history of the great rebellion, and need not be repeated.—E. J. Orr, 6th Wis. Battery, Nodaway, Iowa.

ARTILLERY AT VICKSBURG.

The Sap and Other Operations on Logan's Front.

Editor National Tribune: It is a rather delicate task to take up the pen against so noted a writer as Comrade McElroy and one who stands so high in favor with the comrades of the G. I. Yet, I have this advantage, that my statements are from personal observation, while his, covering so large a territory, are of necessity mostly from hearsay.

To the best of my recollection there was no artillery between the White House and the rebel fort until Gen. Grant in person, without even an order, sent him to take up the rifle pits where they were shooting through the head-logs at the angle where White House Battery was afterward planted, and inspected the position for a battery to play on the rebel gun over in front of Ransom's Brigade, that was giving us so much trouble. The White House Battery was then put in place, and the rebels did not succeed in silencing the rebel gun. We were over the location of this gun after the surrender, and saw how the fort was built to save the gun from destruction. It was ingeniously built, and really was well for the trouble of going to see it. There never was a naval battery between the White House and Fort Hill, located on the south side of the main road and 40 rods east of our main line of battle. One day during the siege Lieut. Cowen, of Co. B, went across the road from their camp to be in line of the battery and the rebels were firing at him. One of the shells that they had fired burst and one of the pieces struck the Lieutenant on the fleshy part of the hip.

The history of the White House gotten up by the Illinois Central Railroad since the house was rebuilt is the best history of it that I have seen, and it tells you just where the battery was located. "Logan's Sap," as the approach was called, did not start at Fort Hill as indicated by the diagram shown in the paper. It started within a few feet of the southeast corner of the White House, and here away a little north of the main road, and then it went west until it reached the location of White House Battery, when it turned a few points to the south, then it reached the earth thrown out by the builders of Fort Hill, and then followed along parallel with the rebel works. For a protection to the men while they were digging this sap, they built a great roller of vines and cane, filled with cotton, and as fast as they moved this forward they built great boxes across the top of the sap and filled them with dirt. This was the protection the men had instead of the zig-zags, as shown in the diagram.

I do not think that the sap crossed the main Jackson road at all until it reached the angle of the fort and paralleled their works. My brother, who was with me, there, is of the same opinion. The dirt on our battle line was thrown up in front of rifle pits, and this was taken, no doubt, for a part of the sap, but the sap proper commenced at the corner of the house.

When we marched in there on the morning of the 13th when we followed down Glass Bayou until we found the ravine just east of the house, when we followed up that to the Jackson road, and then west. We reached the rebel line just directly south of the east end of the house, when we fired right until we could uncover, then, fronted with the right of the regiment near the house.—Frank S. Wells, Co. H, 45th Ill.

Raid on McMinnville.

Editor National Tribune: In your history of the Army of the Cumberland, the raid on McMinnville, Tenn., April 20, 1862, by Gen. Reynolds' Division, Fourteenth Corps, mention is made of the death of a member of the 10th Ohio (Hall's) Brigade, to which the 123d was also attached at that time, and witnessed the burial of the dead comrade. The peculiar and circumstances make an impression on the mind that 42 years of time have not erased. The comrade was taken sick after leaving camp at McMinnville, and was being conveyed in an ambulance. On the night of the 25th the brigade marched till nearly midnight in a drenching rain storm, going into bivouac about a mile from McMinnville. During the night the sick soldier died, and before resuming the march in the morning his remains were buried in an open field, close to the main line of battle. Many times since have thoughts of the tragic incident come into the writer's mind, and he has wondered if the dust has since been removed to sacred ground, or whether some careless, unsympathizing hand had removed all evidence of the lonely grave.—Chas. K. Radcliffe, 452 25th St., Detroit, Mich.

The Cumberland Hill.

M. N. Shaw, Orchard Hill, Kensington, N. H., strongly favors the passage of the Cumberland bill.

SPANISH PORT.

It Fell on Saturday, April 9, 1905.

Editor National Tribune: The dispute between the two wings of the army of Gen. Canby as to who took Spanish Port and the date it was taken will never be settled. Each wing thinks "it did it all," and as to date, whether a day begins at midnight or at reveille. If you will refer to my plan of Mobile Bay in your National Tribune, you will perceive that Spanish Port was built upon a round hill of considerable height and extensive dimensions, so that the right hand could not have known (by sight) what the left might be doing. An account by A. M. Gurnsey, Co. E, 124th Ill., in an old National Tribune (of a date with Vest's loss of a bet on Blaine's nomination at Chicago on reverse of slip I have) tells how "they marched northwest guided by a rebel deserter to the road" (from Blakely, passive cast of Spanish Hill and to the south of Spanish Port, on the bay shore), "then faced north till stopped by Gen. Smith, and were ordered to the southwest." This brought them to the rear of the main works of the fort, which was built to oppose any force following up the eastern shore under cover of our fleet. Our army having reached that position, the fort was rendered useless, and the sooner it was evacuated the better for them. He says: "On the afternoon of April 8, by order of Gen. Smith—Gen. Canby was chief in command—all the guns on the line opened fire upon the rebel works. After bombarding for four hours the 8th Iowa marched in column along the bay when the tide was out, inside the rebel works, and the bombardment ceased. There were no works there and no rebel in sight." This makes the position an outwork, rather.

Now, soon after taking that southwest course on Gen. Smith's orders and before the bombardment of four hours, placing it before 4 p. m., April 8, "they struck the reserve pickets" and had a foot race for the rebel works. "When the rebel went over the works out of skirmish line about 100 yds. behind, and then, great guns didn't open fire upon us!"

This shows that that part of the work was done when the rebels went inside and found nobody. This explains what the naval picket boats had seen all that night till 2 a. m., when the last boat passed loaded to the gunners of the fort. The fort was evacuated at its weakest point first, and those upon the south side opposite Gen. Canby's headquarters held our assault columns till the last moment, then scaddled for that last boat. Now if Saturday, April 8, continued until it revealed next morning, the fort was taken possession of on April 8; but if Sunday, April 9, as the rebels were not notwithstanding that the assault commenced on Saturday afternoon and continued on Canby's side till 3 a. m., following the fort was taken possession of by the rebels and the rebels out at 3 a. m., Sunday morning, April 9, 1865, according to the watch of the naval picket boat's officer, witnessing that assault and the passing of the rebel boats to and from Joseph Stuart, Metacomb's Launch, Palo Alto, Cal.

Love for the Old Flag.

Editor National Tribune: I read in your issue of June 7 the article on "Only One Flag," and I feel a hearty harmony with its sentiments. I was not privileged to see an American Flag until 16 years old, and it was a case of love at first sight. At the age of 26 I was sent as a soldier under the stars and stripes in the 15th N. Y. Engineers. You may read my love for the dear old flag in the accompanying verses of my issue, which I issued in sheet music form several years ago.—George E. Engle, Lieutenant, Co. B, 15th N. Y. Engineers, Jamaica, N. Y.

The Dear Old Flag.

(Copyright, 1896, by George E. Tilly.)

We love our starry banner bright,
The emblem of the free;
It floats above in azure light,
Where all the world may see.

Chorus—
Oh, how we love the dear old flag,
Freedom's glorious emblem bright,
Its Stars and Stripes shall proudly wave
To give the world its wondrous light.

Our colors thus the world may see,
Emblem of liberty,
Oppressed to earth to us may come
And live and find a home.

No alien flag, no traitor rag,
Shall ever be unfurled;
Our Stars and Stripes shall ever float,
Proud ensign of the world.

Chorus—
No North, no South, no East, no West,
One Nation, one will be,
United, indivisible,
This land of liberty.

In God our Nation's trust shall be;
Tribute of praise we bring,
Let anthems swell on land and sea,
A grateful people sing.

Chorus—
To Him who rules in heaven and earth
Our voices we will raise,
And He who gave our Nation birth,
To Him eternal praise.

Time Something Was Done.

Mrs. Jemima McAnulty, 104 W. 123rd St., New York City, N. Y., who is the widow of a veteran, thinks it is high time that the few remaining members of the civil war tried to rectify the wrong that the widows of veterans have suffered. She thinks the widows of husbands who were killed in the war do not deserve the consideration and help that those women do who have nursed their wounded husbands through years of suffering, in so many cases losing their own health by this care.

Gen. John C. Kelton Garrison.

Gen. John C. Kelton Garrison, 5 Army and Navy Union, is located at the National Military Home, Ohio. Our Garrison is small, but we make up what we lack in numbers by the quality of our members. The National Military Home, Ohio, has 22 members.—Henry Hart, Co. A, National Military Home, Ohio.

A Vermont Post.

E. B. Treat Post, 54 Post Mills, Vt., has re-elected Henry Titus for Commander. The Post lost one of its charter members recently in the person of Horace Putnam, 16th Vt. There were nine members in the Post at the year before, which brings the present membership down to the small number of 21. The Woman's Relief Corps is a great help to the Post, and is a very active, wide-awake organization.

PICTURE OF ANDERSONVILLE.

We have still on hand a very few O'Dea's large picture of Andersonville, the very best picture of that horrible place ever published. Many hundreds of them have been sold at \$5 a piece. We will send a copy of the picture, securely inclosed in a stout tube, for a club of four yearly subscribers. It makes an excellent addition to the furnishings of a Post Room.

Address THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE,

Washington, D. C.

AWAY DOWN SOUTH IN DIXIE.

Chances for Home-Seekers and Farmers in the Southern States.

Editor National Tribune: Since the article "Why Go to Canada?" was published in The National Tribune of June 11, I have received a number of inquiries, and finding it impossible to make a personal reply to each, I will endeavor to make a general statement covering the points of interest in more than 200 letters received up to date.

During the past eight weeks I have carefully noted weekly reports on temperatures of various localities. A summary is that Abilene, Dodge City, Kansas City, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Chicago and New York have shown from eight to 14 degrees of heat greater than Jacksonville, Fla., south Georgia or south Alabama.

Statistics show the death rate, according to population, and from any and all causes, to be from 18 to 26 per cent. south of Atlanta, Ga., Georgia than for the noted health resorts of California and Colorado.

Rain has been all that could be desired to grow the cotton, and it will during the past week, when it has been just a little too plentiful and frequent, but not serious as yet.

The Elberta peach crop has been marketed at \$2.50 a bushel, the average being fully \$3 per bushel, net. The best grade of land in this section is not given to peaches, yet the yield is from \$350 to \$400 per acre.

I have no reliable data at hand just at this time in regard to melons, cantaloupes, tomatoes and cabbage, but to peach that many engage in growing and marketing, and the average yield is from five to six years ago, so in the next five years yellow fever will be a memory.

The Tobacco Crop.

The harvest of the tobacco crop is now beginning. It requires 90 days to mature from the setting of the plants. It is a very delicate crop, and depending on the weather. The Sumatra "shade-grown" tobacco brings 60 cents per pound as soon as cured, and the yield is usually 1,200 pounds to the acre. It is used exclusively for cigar wrappers, and is so thin and fine that one pound of it will wrap 500 cigars. Georgia tobacco took the first prize at the Paris Exposition of 1889, and the World's Fair, St. Louis, Sun-grown tobacco in Georgia is grown from the Cuban seed, and is used for cigar filler. It brings 20 cents per pound and is used for cigar filler. It produces from 1,000 to 1,500 pounds.

The largest tobacco farm in the world is in Decatur County, south Georgia. The northern portions of Alabama and Georgia are very mountainous as western Pennsylvania or southeastern Ohio. The central and southern parts of each State have altered areas of flat, high rolling lands, not high hills, but high rolling lands, covered with long, straight yellow pine timber, which yields turpentine and rosin. The timber is first turpentine and then rosin, and is cut in a lumber. There is no underbrush in these "piney" woods; you can drive anywhere in a buggy. Thick brush along the streams, and along the little valleys, and in the mountains, and an abundance of the valuable hardwoods, such as ash, hickory, gum, cherry, walnut, various kinds of oak, mulberry, etc.

The soil of the cotton, sugarcane, sweet and Irish potatoes, peanuts, etc., but the more elevated lands are best for tobacco and fruits. The hill lands are best for cotton, sugarcane, sweet and Irish potatoes, peanuts, etc., but the more elevated lands are best for tobacco and fruits. The hill lands are best for cotton, sugarcane, sweet and Irish potatoes, peanuts, etc., but the more elevated lands are best for tobacco and fruits.

Many fine springs of pure freestone water are to be encountered anywhere in the hill land, but the water to be found in springs or shallow wells in the flat lands had best be avoided for house use. While the water is good and pure to look at, yet it is filtered through a sort of decomposed lime rock, and the natives say its use for any protracted length of time during the warm season will induce a general rheumatism, and it is bored to a depth of 150 to 300 feet on the flat lands insure good water. Land now held at from \$15 to \$25 per acre (which is the best to be found anywhere in the South) could have been bought in 1900 for from \$2 to \$4 per acre. If I may be allowed the prediction, it will bring \$200 an acre within the next six years. Why? Because when any intelligent farmer knows that land that will net from \$200 to \$500 per acre every year is worth it and more. Five or 10 acres well fertilized and well tilled is a big farm for any man, and in production equals any really big farm in the North or West.

Getting the Land.

Land is owned here in areas of from 250 acres (one lot) to many thousands of acres, and some unclaimed and unexplained reason the owners refuse to cut it up so that men of small means can secure a home. They are willing, and even anxious, to sell, and the price per acre is very reasonable, but it must all go together. What an opportunity for a Carnegie, Morgan or Rockefeller to help worthy people to create good homes which would stand as enduring monuments to their memories than all the libraries this side of China, and would also give them a better balance on St. Peter's ledger.

As before stated, the land of the South is owned in large tracts, and no amount of argument will induce the owners to cut the land into such small tracts as a farmer of small means can secure who he desires and can pay for. This feature alone has retarded the agricultural development of the South more than anything else. There are many who are willing to sell, but the land is in such large tracts that it is impossible for a man or company of men who have the means and the spirit of enterprise and development to purchase desirable tracts of this land and make it possible for the settlers. The other is for a number of settlers to get together in such sufficient number so that their united capital will secure a tract of land of the size and proportionately among themselves. Titles are unquestionable.

The land in Florida, Alabama and Mississippi is sectioned, the same as in Iowa, Ohio and Illinois. It is sold, while in Georgia the land is surveyed into lots 50 chains square and containing 250 acres, more or less, according to the survey. These lots constitute a district, without reference to any meridian or base line. In some of the other Southern States, as North Carolina, the land is bounded by meridian lines, without reference to sections, lots, districts or meridians.

Railroads.

The ownership of large tracts of land by comparatively few people has brought about a peculiar condition in the country. The country is so thickly settled, in addition to the numerous navigable streams, and the means of transportation are in excess of any other country, and it is to be transported outside of the country. The completion of the Panama Canal means more to Georgia, Florida and Alabama than to any other section of the country.

All the products from the great Cen-

tral and Northern States bound for the Gulf, the Pacific Coast, South America or anywhere else will pass through the Gulf ports. The demands of the world will be at the doors of the South for her lumber, coal and iron, without being forced into competition with other sections of the United States.

What's the Matter With the South, Any-

how?

She lacks nothing but people—energy, lively, happy people—and she soon will have them. The negro is not a factor to be considered for a minute in the development of the South. However, this article will not admit of any reference to this question, but I hope to have an opportunity to show you in the near future where he has not only been a detriment to the South all these years, but a scarecrow to the people of the North.

As a scarecrow he stands about on the same base as the yellow fever. Oh, yes, he did not intend to skip a little explanation about yellow Jack. Now, it has been fully and amply demonstrated by Gen. Wood in Cuba and later by Mr. Shonts on the isthmus that yellow fever and dirt (filth and squallor) are synonymous. Wherever a "clean-up" has been made yellow fever ceases to exist. As our new Southern towns are building with the sanitary features that were not known or thought about five or six years ago, so in the next five years yellow fever will be a memory.

While "the negro question," "the culture of cigar leaf tobacco," "how shade tobacco is grown," "truck farming," and many other questions are probably of great interest to you, yet I feel that it is not exactly right to occupy too much of the valuable space of The National Tribune at this time in detailing these matters. When many correspondents require a similar reply I shall endeavor to use the columns of our mutual friend, but I shall as much as possible reply to all particular inquiries personally. I hope to make a trip through Ohio and Illinois and possibly Missouri during November and December on personal business, and I might find time to meet a few appointments for a public address. I have a general description of the South and her resources, provided it will be of benefit to the people and the appointments are made a sufficient time in advance. C. Hudson, Civil Engineer, Bainbridge, Ga.

Editor National Tribune: I have been reading some Southern histories of the war, including Jeff Davis's Rise and Fall of the Southern Confederacy. Jeff tells some whoopery, but the biggest bragging I have yet read is a history written by one who calls himself Heroes Von Bocke, of the 3d Prussian Dragoons, and lately Chief of Staff to Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, Vol. I. After giving an account of how he came to the South he says: "I converted my gold into Confederate money at a broker's at the liberal rate of two for one, and thought it a very clever financial operation." There's where you missed it, Von Bocke. You should have waited a year or two longer, for you could have traded a \$5 gold piece for a hundred of Confederate money; and even at that rate it would not have been a very clever financial operation on your side. Vol. I, pages 58 and 59.

"I felt a stunning blow across my spine and at the same time my horse rolled over with me. A solid shot had passed close to my horse's back and knocked over both horse and rider." Vol. I, page 59, tells of a tremendous bayonet fight between a Texan and New York Zouave. They pierced each other through and through, and their dead bodies had been found standing erect in the very attitude in which each had received his death wound. Page 67 he tells of capturing Government stores, found great pyramids of barrels of white and brown sugar; of salt fish and eggs packed in salt. These were blazing on all sides. "One of the burning barrels of coffee knocked open and found its contents roasted." Pages 84 and 85: "The gray squirrel is smaller than the red or fox squirrel. I had some repugnance to eating them at first, a disagreeable suggestion in their appearance of rats—but William, our negro cook, made a pie of them and I had the satisfaction to find the pie highly relished by my horse." Pages 90 and 91, telling about a fire, Von says: "After half an hour's work we succeeded in getting the fire under control. The fire was not a bad one, a most absurd and extravagant account of my exertions, declaring he had seen me running out of the burning building on a mule under one arm and two little pigs under the other."

Vol. II, page 69: "Looking at Stuart I saw him pass his hand quickly across his face. I discovered that one of the numberless bullets that had been whistling around him had cut off half of his beloved mustache as neatly as it could have been done by the hand of an experienced barber." Page 115: "The Yankees gave a most amusing description of me in their newspapers. In their accounts of the fight it was stated that the rebels in their charge had been led on by a giant, mounted on a tremendous horse, and brandishing wildly over his head a sword as long and big as a fence rail, who made a terrible impression on the troops." Pages 119 and 120: "I saw one of our soldiers throw up his arms and fall heavily to the ground. I hastened to his side, and finding that the ball had struck him right in the middle of the forehead, I regarded him as dead. A few hours after he had recovered sufficiently from the shock to return to good duty. He was striking obliquely, had glanced, passing between the cuticle and skull all around the head, emerging at last from the very place he had entered. Every day brings 'Resting my head upon it. I fell at once into a deep sleep, from which I was presently awakened by something crawling over my hand. I quickly shook off the object, which gave out a sharp, rattling sound, and which I per-

ceived in the bright light of the moon to be a snake more than four feet in length, that heaved itself etc. (Guess attitude that meant mischief. It was the work of a moment to draw my keen Damascus blade and sever the reptile in twain. I felt, yet several heavy blows on the snake and the noise of the encounter aroused the General, with the whole of his staff. Arms in their hands, they hastened to the scene of action, believing that not fewer than a hundred Yankees had fallen upon me. In the morning I amused myself with my revolver shooting a tremendous bulfrog of the swamps, nearly as large as a rabbit."

In describing one of his horses Von says: "I could fire from his back as accurately as on foot, and the animal seemed to understand perfectly his master's intentions, so that whenever I raised my revolver my faithful horse would be excited, he might have been the moment before, stood as quiet as possible, one forefoot raised from the ground, scarcely breathing until the shot was fired. (Guess that was a horse's was a pointer.) After reading Von's history of the war, and of the great deeds he performed, I concluded that he was a very brave animal, that there was only one of those terrible Vons in the rebel army. I can imagine what the result would have been, had there been 29 or 30 of these boys, they would have been as good as dead with swords as long and big as fence rails. Von should have done his fighting in Ireland. Snakes and bulfrogs would have saved him many scares. When I began reading his book I thought he was joking when he wrote it, but I guess he believed he was giving nothing but facts. Possibly the appalling details about caused him to see things as he did. He probably can make the people of Prussia believe his stories, but the Americans, never.—J. M. Barr, Co. E, 6th Ind., Third Brigade, First Division, Fourth Corps.

Col. Straight's Surrender.

Editor National Tribune: On my way to attend the burial of a comrade in 1865 I stopped over night at Nashville and there got into a conversation with a Confederate soldier. He said that he belonged to the command that captured Col. Straight, of the 61st Ind., and that after Straight surrendered there was not enough Confederates to guard the prisoners; or, in other words, Straight had more men than the Confederate commander who captured him. Please state, if you can, the number of men Straight surrendered and the number he surrendered to, and oblige.—C. T. Hughes, Blair, Neb.

Col. Straight surrendered in all 1,355 men.

He had lost in killed and wounded 100, and he estimated that he had killed and wounded five times that many rebels. There is no possible way of telling how many men Forrest had after him. Forrest had his whole vision, besides all the troops that he could draw in from the country through which Straight passed. It was something like the John Morgan raid, where there were enough men after Morgan to eat him and his whole command.—Editor National Tribune.

The Defect Won't Work.

C. B. Dennis, Hammond, La., says that it is all right for any Administration to be careful as to public expenditures, but this thing has been worked too hard to deprive the veterans of what is due them. Every day brings some new instance of lavish expenditure of public money for the Panama Canal or raising the salaries of the members of the Interstate Commerce Commission from \$7,500 to \$10,000 per year without a jar upon the sensitive nerves of the public economists. They are only disturbed when there is an increase of expenditure to the men to whom the country owes everything.

Did You Serve in

The Army of the Potomac?

or The Army of the James?

or The Armies of the Shenandoah and West Virginia?

or The Army of the Ohio?

or The Army of the Tennessee?

or The Army of the Cumberland?

or The Army of the Gulf?

or The Armies of the Trans-Mississippi?

(Sometimes known as the Army of the Frontier.)

If you had this distinction

you should now get, by all means, a Chart of the Army in which you served, with your service certified under seal. You should frame this Chart and hang it on your wall, or preserve it for others to do so. It is a proud distinction, fairly won, and every Union soldier owes it to himself and posterity to have one of these Charts, or more than one if he served in more than one army.

Each Chart contains a careful epitome of the histories of that particular Army and of its component Corps. Also, a chronology of its more important battles and engagements. A great deal of accurate history is compressed into a comparatively small space, where it can be read at a glance. It has fine half-tone portraits of Army Commanders and Corps Commanders set upon a beautiful embellishment of the National Colors. It is printed artistically and upon fine, heavy paper, suitable for framing.

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